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A Second Chance
An Alternative Love Story
by Thomas Paine

In the early part of the 21st century, in our peaceful, loving world, World War III broke out between the "allied" nations of United States, Europe, Russia, Japan – and the Chinese Communists.

For lack of a better starting date, it had seemingly begun on September 11, 2001, with the sneak attacks on the World Trade Centers in NYC and the Pentagon in Arlington Virginia.

In bitter retaliation, clumsily attacking and killing anyone it perceived as a threat, the United States eventually alienated most of the Middle Eastern nations, who retaliated with an strangulating oil embargo that sent gasoline prices soaring to over \$6 a gallon by 2006.

Drilling wells in any place they could find oil, including "wilderness areas" in Alaska, the US stabilized prices at \$2.50 a gallon by 2007 and continued in their depredations – that is in killing Israel's enemies for them. With the Jewish-controlled United States moving into the Asian theatre in search of "terrorists," they finally annoyed the People's Republic of China just a little too much, and the chinks then challenged their actions.

Heated exchanges of rhetoric between the two lumbering giants was the first step and then trade embargoes. The impotent United Nations made a feeble attempt to quell the "misunderstanding" as the negro Secretary General put it in thickly accented English to the Chinese ambassador.

Shaking his head in disgust at the ridiculous charade of "equality," the Chinese ambassador looked at the leader of the UN, called him a jew controlled nigger lackey in flawless English, and announced to the assemblage that the People's Republic of China was leaving the United Nations.

While stunned dignitaries from other countries stood with jaws agape, he turned on his heel and left.

Meanwhile, stupid, mindless American consumers ignored the obvious peril occurring in American diplomacy, finding and bitterly complaining that they could no longer find cheap Chinese slave-labor made shoes and other goods at local Wal-Marts and Sam's Clubs.

As the President and the Secretary of State were occupied building yet another weak "coalition" against the Chinese, the recalling of ambassadors from both countries came three days later. The rest of the planet held its breath, waiting for the unthinkable but not unexpected to happen; the opening volleys happening a little over a week later.

At first it was a conventional war, but with the huge advantage the Chinese had in personnel it quickly escalated into a "limited" nuclear exchange among the participants, "limited" meaning most but not all of urban America was destroyed and much of urban China was destroyed.

Not that such a terrible occurrence mattered to the Chinese; as Chairman Mao once alluded, the stoic governing body of China simply looked at the entire matter as a necessary if somewhat draconian method of world population control.

The United States, once a proud bastion of White Anglo-Saxon culture, never stood a chance against the yellow hordes, especially since the nation had become a fragmented, hedonistic country concerned with only the "individual" as far back as the 1960's.

Russia fought valiantly but was overran by their Chinese enemy in days; like flies the annoying Japan and Taiwan were swatted off the face of the earth by Chinese MIRVed ICBMs packing nuclear warheads, and cowardly European governments, trembling in fear and smelling defeat, turned their backs on their remaining ally, the U.S., and sued for peace.

This left only the United States to fight a war against over a billion people, who didn't believe in "peace," weren't Christians and couldn't have cared less about silly Western Judeo-Christian ethics, morals or virtues.

Once the U.S. government was destroyed by an atomic blast over Washington, it was only a matter of time before the Chinks landed on the shores and began a program of "ethnic cleansing" making those of the past look like amateur pogroms.

Whites, Blacks, Jews and anything not "Asian" (read "Chinks") were rounded up and slaughtered by firing squads. Age or sex didn't matter either, as females of every age were first repeatedly raped after watching the males of their kind being executed. After they had been sufficiently violated, they met their ends as well from the muzzles of Chinese Type 56 Kalashnikov rifles.

Luckily for the white race, this had not gone unnoticed.

Deep in the mountains of West Virginia, unknown to the invaders there was one lonely man who had the foresight to anticipate these events, and had moved himself into seclusion some years before.

Having been written off by his countrymen as being either dead or disappeared, he had existed in this state for over seven years, the only utterances his having heard in person being his own as he made vitriolic pronouncements directed against the clumsy propaganda issuing from his television and radio.

In his remote domicile, he watched on television as the Sino-American war progressed in the Chinese's favor over the weeks, finally losing video contact as the Direct TV satellite was shut down by the victorious Chinese Communist military. Switching to shortwave on an ancient Zenith Transoceanic, when he heard Chinese being broadcast over "Radio America", he knew it was time for action, using a method of which only he knew how.

Having been educated as a theoretical physicist, Dr. Randall Matthews knew the white man's time was over, at least in the present reality, and was seeking the only method he could conceive of to effect a change: time travel to the past.

Dismissed by fellow physicists in the past as a crackpot, Matthews' theories regarding time travel were not only controversial, many of his colleagues wouldn't even speak to him, for he had been branded a racist for attempting to warn people of his distrust of Blacks, Jews and especially the Chinese. Now that most if not all of his fellows were dead, Matthews supposed it didn't matter anyway, for white men who refused to defend themselves deserved nothing better than to die in his opinion, for being brainwashed cowards.

Not having time for a wife or children, in the late 1990's he had seen the handwriting on the wall and quietly acquired a remote tract of mountaintop real estate for a pittance, built a cabin and stocked it with the necessities for living out an almost hermitlike existence.

In a nearby cave he had built his lab, using his savings to equip it with a powerful diesel generator, computers and other devices used for his private research on time travel. Ten thousand gallons of low-grade diesel oil were kept in a fiberglass underground tank to power the generator and his computers were powered by solar panels driving DC-AC sine wave inverters.

As the Chinese continued their depredations, a determined Matthews continued perfecting his machine, still unknown to the slant-eyed conquerors swarming about like army ants over the North American continent, killing all they encountered in their path.

His advanced device could move objects and complex machinery forward and backward in time without damage, and the next test was to see if living matter could stand the incredible interdimensional stresses of time travel.

Setting his machine to the arbitrary day of August 17, 1866, he looked through the viewer and spotted a flock of passenger pigeons roosting in a tree outside the small town of Chicago Illinois. Activating the machine, he transported the tree and its residents to the present, where it suddenly appeared outside his lab. The tree, roots devoid of all soil, crashed into the roof of his cabin, the frightened pigeons flying off into the surrounding woods.

"It works," Matthews muttered in satisfaction, watching the birds flee.

"Now to see if I can transport living matter to the past and back again," he remarked calmly, walking over to survey the damage to his cabin.

The damage was minor, only requiring him to start a Stihl chainsaw and cut up the offending tree leaning against the roof.

A few days later he trapped several rabbits, sent them and their cages back to Medieval Europe in the 1400's and brought them back, all without the slightest evidence of trauma.

"It's time to leave, this time's shot in the ass," he remarked the next day while shaving in front of a cracked mirror. Attired in a black turtleneck shirt, black sport jacket and black slacks, he slipped on a pair of black Italian loafers.

Finished tending his personal needs, he stacked several IBM Pentium 6 IntelliStation computers, Hewlett-Packard RAID controllers, Iomega SuperZIP drives, software compilers/decompilers and boxes of CD-RWS and ROMS on the travel pad. Also included were multiple CD-ROM copies of Microsoft operating systems from the very beginning, along with such competitors as Delphi, Apple Macintosh, Lindows, Unix, all of the flavors of Linux and versions of IBM PC-DOS.

Not forgetting his power supplies, he placed several high-powered solar panels, a Honda AC Generator, a case of lithium batteries and DC-AC inverters on the pad. In addition he had downloaded as much encyclopedic data, both scientific and historical as he could possibly find on hard drive and CD-ROM, and hoped where he planned to go that the information would prove valuable to those he wished to help.

He had also downloaded current data from both the Internet and the airwaves before they were shut down, saving entire websites on one of the IBM machines and recording the last broadcast American news programs on a Toshiba DVD recorder. Of particular interest was the entire website of "Jane's defense weekly" saved on both CD-ROM and SuperZIP drive, together with hard copies of their little blue books, covering aircraft, submarines, tanks, aircraft carriers and other military hardware. Setting the DVD, a portable Phillips Magnavox TV set and some extra clothing on the pad, he walked over and activated the time machine.

"This time we'll set this world right," he muttered with a resolved smirk as he set the controls. He looked through the viewer, seeing an isolated building with no one present in the immediate vicinity.

Date: April 6, 1933, 12:00 PM. Place: The second floor of an abandoned factory structure just outside Berlin Germany, vacant for over a decade.

The machine set, he placed charges of Hi-Drive 90% nitro-gel dynamite at the mouth of the cave, assuring no one would ever be able to follow him to his destination.

He activated the timer for the explosives and executed the start program on the time machine. Setting a ten second delay on the machine, he stepped onto the pad, surrounded by electronic equipment.

"I hope this works," he remarked with a small amount of trepidation, "It's damn good I learned to speak Ger – "

A bluish cast of light fell over him, and he and the many high-tech devices disappeared from the pad in seconds.

One minute later the dynamite went off, destroying the machine and entombing the remains forever in the cave.

For what seemed like an eternity Randall Matthews didn't exist. His consciousness seemed to but his senses were blacked out. No sound, no sight, no feeling, just blackness.

" – man in college!" Matthews finished as he and the equipment appeared on the second floor of an abandoned Heinkel airplane factory.

Quickly coming to his senses, Matthews looked to his digital chronometer, a device mounted on his hip like a pager. Noting the time and date with a raised eyebrow, then looking out a broken window, he saw it was a bright day at 12:00 noon on April 6, 1933.

Looking about, he secreted his equipment into a secure place and walked from the structure. He was on the North German plain, the city of Berlin a few miles off in the distance.

"I guess its time to speak to Mr. Hitler," he remarked with calm satisfaction.

Proceeding into the city on foot, he spotted several inhabitants, nodding to each as he moved toward the center of the city. Decorated with bright red swastika flags, Dr. Matthews smiled as he beheld the emblems of the white race.

Coming to the Reichstag, he asked the guard if the Fuehrer was present.

"Chancellor Hitler is in Nuremberg on business," came the brusque reply.

"Is Herr Goering or Dr. Goebbels available?" Matthews asked in flawless German, "It's very important that I speak to they and the Fuehrer as soon as possible."

"The Doctor is available," the guard replied, "Go to Room 5, second floor."

"Vielen dank," a nodding Matthews answered with a smile.

"Heil Hitler," the guard replied.

"Sieg Heil," added Matthews, walking up the steps.

Matthews proceeded to the second floor of the Reichstag and walked up to a polished oak door marked with the numeral "5" and knocked.

A small man answered, Matthews remembering from history texts that it was none other than Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Ph.D., Minister for the Enlightenment of the Reich and Doctor of Philosophy.

"Heil Hitler," Goebbels remarked with a slight smile, "What can I do for you?"

"Heil Hitler, and it's not what you can do for me sir, it's what I can do for you," Matthews replied while they shook hands.

"Meaning?" asked Goebbels, raising his eyebrows.

"Meaning I have information which will enable Germany to assume its rightful place among nations," answered Matthews.

"Come in please," responded Goebbels, showing him to a chair.

As he sat down Matthews formally introduced himself to the Propaganda Minister.

"My name is Dr. Randall Matthews," he began, "I am a theoretical physicist."

"I am very pleased to meet you Herr Doktor," Goebbels responded, "As to the reason you are here?"

"First, I'm glad I had the opportunity to see you instead of Chancellor Hitler," Matthews replied.

"Why may I ask?" inquired Goebbels.

"Because what I have to tell you may seem unbelievable at first, and from what I've read, you may be more receptive to my offer than the Fuehrer."

"You know of me?" asked Goebbels, only having been in his current office for a little over a month.

"Yes Herr Doktor, this may be a little difficult to explain – I'm from your future," Matthews replied plainly.

"Really," a smirking Goebbels answered, preparing to press a hidden button to summon a guard.

"Your wife's name is Magda, and at this time you're having an affair with a starlet from Hamburg named Hilda," Dr. Matthews declared.

Goebbels' jaw dropped, for only recently had he consummated his affair with Hilda – no one, not even the Fuehrer, knew that he had been seeing the vivacious Hilda Orendorff, a beautiful petite blonde with deep blue eyes who could make any man's head swim.

"Continue, sir," Goebbels remarked slowly, moving his hand away from the button.

"I come from a time when our race is all but dead," replied Matthews somberly, "Jews ran the world, and the Chinese destroyed most of it afterward."

"What time, what do you mean – where do you come from?" asked Goebbels, not understanding.

"Approximately 76 years from now, from what is left of America," Matthews replied, "A dark, forbidding time – a time when the Third Reich no longer existed, and a world where niggers and Jews had supplanted those who should have inherited the world."

"Neggers und Judelein – das Schwarze?" Goebbels remarked incredulously, "Those black animals from Africa?"

"Yes," Matthews answered, "The Jews used them to destroy our kind by breeding our daughters with them."

"Mein Gott, nein!" Goebbels exclaimed.

"Then the Chinese attacked," Matthews continued, "Killing them and the remainder of our people, and took over the entire world."

"No, that is impossible!" exclaimed Goebbels indignantly.

"It is a fact doctor," retorted Matthews coldly, "I have proof!"

"Such as?" asked a cynical but shaken Goebbels, interested, his lips pursed tight.

"Allow me to use a few of your men and a truck and I shall prove it to you once and for all within three hours," answered Matthews.

"Why should I do that?" asked Goebbels bluntly.

"Because if you don't you'll be dead by May 1945, and the world as we know it will be completely destroyed in the year 2009," Matthews answered with equal bluntness.

Joseph Goebbels paused, ruminating on Matthews' pronouncement.

"You are certain of this?" he asked, looking Matthews in the eyes.

"Quite," Matthews replied, "If you don't listen to what I have to say, you will die on May 1, 1945 in a bunker that hasn't even been built yet."

Goebbels swallowed hard, impressed by the resolved candor of the physicist from the future.

"What – what do you have which can prove that objectively?" asked Goebbels, staring at the strange specter from the future.

"History texts on CD-ROMS read by Pentium sixes," answered Matthews.

"What is a CD-ROM or a 'Pentium six'?" inquired Goebbels.

"A CD-ROM is a device that stores and disseminates information and a Pentium six is a very complex integrated circuit or 'chip' – an eight gigahertz, one million channel multitask, non-

interrupt neural network computer microprocessor. It was marketed by a company from the future called Intel, if that esoteric nomenclature means anything in this backward, potentiometer controlled, vacuum tubed society of yours," Matthews replied sarcastically.

"What?"

"Tell you what Dr. Goebbels, don't ask me any more questions now, all can be revealed to you if you will accede to my simple request, it will only cost you perhaps a few Reichmarks of diesel," replied Matthews, raising his hands in protest.

Goebbels, shaken by the idea that he would meet his death on May 1, 1945, looked at Matthews with a dour expression. Lifting the handset of his telephone, he called the local barracks.

"Send a truck to the Reichstag with three men aboard," Goebbels ordered as he continued to stare at Matthews.

"You won't be sorry, Herr Doktor Goebbels," commented Randall Matthews, studying his nails.

Goebbels stared suspiciously at the strangely attired man from the future.

"Shall we?" asked Matthews, rising from his seat and motioning for the door.

"Yes," answered Goebbels, rising from his gigantic desk.

"This is going to make the Russian theft of the Boeing B-29 look like a goddamn joke," a chuckling Matthews muttered in English as the pair left Goebbels' office.

"What?" asked Goebbels, not understanding.

"Never mind doc," Matthews answered with a wave of a hand.

The truck arrived quickly, Goebbels warning Matthews on the Reichstag steps, "If you are lying to me sir, the firing squad awaits you."

"When I'm through showing you and the Fuehrer the data I have you'll thank me," Matthews replied with a laugh as he climbed aboard the truck.

"Follow this man's orders, and then bring him back to the Reichstag," Goebbels ordered the driver.

"Yes doctor," replied the officer, giving him the Nazi salute.

Within fifteen minutes they drove to the abandoned factory.

Matthews instructed the men that the equipment was on the second floor and that it was extremely delicate.

"Load this equipment in the truck, be very careful with it and pad all the devices as you load them," Matthews instructed in idiomatic German.

A burly sergeant nodded, and soon the complex devices were safely loaded aboard the truck, sandwiched between green military blankets.

They returned to the Reichstag, the pompous Goebbels standing outside the entrance, hands behind his back as they approached.

"What have you there Herr Matthews?" he asked sarcastically, a red swastika band on the upper part of his left arm.

"More than you can ever imagine doc," answered Matthews with equal sarcasm while the equipment was unloaded and carried up the stairs to Goebbels' office.

As the IntelliStations, monitors and the other equipment was delivered to his office and carefully placed on the floor, Goebbels asked, "What are those gray colored boxes and those – those typewriters with no carriages?"

"Computers, keyboards and their associated support equipment," answered Matthews.

"What is a computer?" asked a confused Goebbels.

"Don't worry about it Joe, in five years you'll be using Windows XP 2006 and wondering how you ever got along without it," answered Matthews with a broad smile, putting his arms up in protest.

"What?"

"Never mind, just hang on a minute will you?" asked Matthews as he lifted and sat an IntelliStation labeled #1 on Goebbels' oak desk and plugged a keyboard into the machine.

"What are the other devices over there?" Goebbels asked, pointing at the Phillips Magnavox color TV and Toshiba DVD sitting apart from the other equipment.

"Oh that – it's just a TV set and a DVD player-recorder."

"What?"

"Later, this is more important," Matthews answered, pointing to the IntelliStation on the desk.

Randall Matthews finished setting up the computer system and placed a solar panel outside a balcony window in the Reichstag.

"What is that?" asked Goebbels, watching Matthews plug the output of the panel into the sine-wave inverter.

"A solar panel, it creates DC electric power from sunlight, you'll learn about them from the computer," Matthews replied, placing a 17 inch Sony color plasma monitor on the desk.

The equipment connected, Matthews checked for any installation errors, pressed the switch, closed his eyes and held his breath.

He heard a click and the pleasant sound of a 210 GB Western Digital SCSI hard drive starting up. After "A" drive buzzed from the IBM BIOS's self-diagnostic, the big blue letters of "IBM" came on the Sony screen, afterward disappearing and quickly followed by a rapidly self executing scrolling prompt:

Intel ® Pentium six ® 80 - 1086 MMX V TM CPU found...

Memory test: 16777216 KB OK

Western Digital ® Data Lifeguard System © 1995-2006

Autodrive SCSI bios loading to C:\ from onboard eeprom...
done...

256X Mitsumi ® CD-RW found...

Iomega ® SuperZIP internal drive F found and initialized...

C:\ ready for vendor operating system hot load...
standby...

operating system on C:\ is MICROSOFT WINDOWS XP® 2006...

continuing startup...

D:\ slave drive initialized...

150 GB Maxtor ® drive found...

Maxblast ® SmartDrive autobios for D:\ loading from C:\...
done...

Red Hat Linux operating system found on D:\...

abort Red Hat hotload...

override from C:\>COMMAND.COM...

C:\>...

C:\ booting...

C:\WINDOWS>...

PRESS F2 to enter IBM Intellibios...

FOR DUAL BOOT PARAMETER SETTINGS PRESS ESC+F12 ONLY
PRESS CTRL FOR STATUS SCREEN OR TO BOOT FROM 1.44 OR 2.88 MB FLOPPY,
CD-ROM OR SANDISK ® SOLID STATE HARD DRIVE...

C drive went into full boot. As windows loaded, on the monitor, the useless McAfee '05 viruscan went through its routine, searching for viruses that were nearly 76 years in the remote future. After the other usual prompts, ending in:

Microsoft (R) Windows XP 2006 Professional Edition version 2
(C) Copyright Microsoft Corp 1981-2006.
NTFS 8.2222
C:\WINDOWS>

The familiar logo of "Microsoft Windows XP 2006" appeared on the screen as Goebbels stood dumbfounded, staring at the copyright dates.

The desktop followed, accompanied by "The Microsoft Sound" emanating from a pair of integrated JBL speakers, Matthews placing the keyboard on the oak tabletop in front of the doctor.

"Watch this Joe," he added as he placed an "Encarta 2005" CD-ROM into the "E" CD-RW on the machine.

"You know how to use a typewriter don't you?" Matthews remarked as Encarta quickly loaded.

"Yes, and what is this Microsoft?" asked Goebbels, looking at the monitor as Encarta loaded.

"A company that doesn't exist yet, founded by a guy that hasn't been born yet," answered Matthews.

"Oh," answered Goebbels, staring at the screen.

"Type in "Hitler"," Matthews offered after clicking on the Encarta search icon, moving the keyboard in Dr. Goebbels' direction.

Goebbels typed in "Hitler", and stared at the screen.

"Nothing's happening," remarked a frowning Goebbels.

"Press enter," Matthews advised.

Unable to find "Enter" on the English keyboard, Matthews reached over and pressed it for the Propaganda Minister, a picture of Adolf Hitler now filling the screen.

"The Fuehrer!" Goebbels exclaimed.

"Yes, lucky for me Encarta was available in German over at Comp USA in Wheeling before I left," Matthews observed as Goebbels stared at the monitor.

"What?"

"Never mind – this is a mouse," Matthews offered, showing Dr. Goebbels the optical graphic interface plotter.

"Maus?" Goebbels asked.

"It's a metaphor," replied Matthews.

"What?"

"Never mind, you'll learn," replied Matthews as he showed Goebbels how to work the device.

The small man stared at Matthews while he demonstrated the mouse, noting "Microsoft" was also printed on the unit he held in his hand.

"This "Mikrosoft" must be a very large company," Goebbels observed.

"Yes indeed, the man who founded it made over 190 billion dollars before his headquarters in Redmond Washington was destroyed by an atomic blast."

"Atomic?"

"You'll learn in time mein Doktor," Matthews answered, "Just use the computer in front of you."

Moving the mouse toward an icon that opened a WAV file of one of Hitler's speeches, Matthews clicked the icon, Winamp 4.8 playing a speech that Hitler hadn't even made yet. It was from the winter of 1943, and it was clearly evident the Fuehrer didn't seem to be himself, and that Germany was in the middle of a war they were losing.

"Here's how to use it," Matthews offered, "Use your index finger to left click on the available icons, and the document or program will open. Don't bother with the right mouse button, I'll show you later what that does."

"Icons?"

"The little pictures sitting there on the desktop," Matthews replied, pointing to the icons displayed on the monitor.

"Desktop?"

"The screen man," Matthews answered tersely, pointing at the Sony.

The Propaganda Minister quickly caught on, exploring the Microsoft Encarta encyclopedia for several hours, finally clicking on his own entry in the encyclopedia.

He read the entry headline: Goebbels, Paul Joseph (1897-1945) German propagandist and politician, born in Rheydt, and educated at the universities of Bonn and Heidelberg. He joined the National Socialist (Nazi) party in 1922...

Reading on, he found toward the end of the article that he and Adolf Hitler had committed suicide, the Fuehrer's death occurring on April 30, 1945, his own happening the following day. Further, a defeated and destroyed Germany was left in total ruins, only 12 years after the Fuehrer had founded the Reich.

Clumsily moving the pointer to the "X" at the right corner of the screen, Goebbels left clicked the mouse and closed the encyclopedia, sitting dumbfounded at his desk.

"What do you think Doc?" Matthews asked.

"From what I have seen Herr Matthews, you have given me all the proof I will ever need," he remarked quietly. "Please forgive me for my unbelief, I'm very sorry I doubted you in the beginning."

"Don't worry about it, we can change it," Matthews offered plainly, looking Goebbels in the eyes.

"We must change it," Goebbels declared, reaching for one of the many telephones on his desk.

Lifting a receiver, he placed several long-distance calls to Nuremburg, finally locating the Fuehrer.

"Ja?" asked none other than Adolf Hitler, Reichchancellor of Nazi Germany.

"There is a man here who has important information we in the Party will find invaluable," Goebbels remarked excitedly into the receiver after they had exchanged greetings. "You must return immediately and say nothing to anyone, for this information is so incredible even I find it hard to believe!"

"I shall arrive as soon as possible," Hitler replied, hanging up the phone.

"What is it Wolf?" asked Hermann Goering of the Fuehrer.

"Joe says that we have to get to Berlin immediately."

"Why?"

"Never mind that Hermann, have Herr Bormann get my Mercedes here as quickly as possible," Hitler ordered brusquely with a wave of his hand.

"Yes mein Fuehrer," Goering replied, saluting his Fuehrer and walking out.

"Have you a place to stay sir?" a now deferential Goebbels remarked to Matthews as he sat impassively near the desk.

"Not really, I only got here this afternoon," Matthews replied, leaning back in his chair, his arms behind his head.

"How?"

"By using a device I created that allowed one to travel through time itself, the unit now lies destroyed in the American state of West Virginia 76 years in the future," Matthews answered.

"It does?"

"I destroyed it with dynamite so the conquering chinks couldn't follow me," Matthews replied.

"Oh, then I shall put you up at my guest house here in Berlin," Goebbels offered, still amazed at what he was hearing. "It is quite secure, and we shall move all your equipment there as well."

"As you can see I've brought along extras," Matthews replied, pointing to the other half-dozen IBM computers and monitors on the floor. "Some of these, along with other data I have should be handed over to your best scientists and engineers; within a few years we can have Germany 76 years ahead of all other nations, assuring our Aryan race will survive."

"I'd rather die an old man instead of committing suicide a few years from now in an underground bunker that hasn't even been built yet," Goebbels added with a sardonic frown.

"Indeed," Matthews replied.

Later, the Fuehrer arrived in his chauffeured Mercedes and walked into the Reichstag with associates Rudolf Hess and Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering.

Expecting them, Dr. Goebbels and Randall Matthews had walked to the atrium to meet them.

"This is the man I told you of over the phone," Goebbels remarked to Hitler, as Matthews gave the Nazi salute and offered his hand to him.

Grasping and shaking his hand firmly, Hitler asked, "Your name sir?"

The Fuehrer was surprisingly cordial; displaying none of the aloofness that had been written about him in the history texts.

"Doctor Randall Matthews at your service sir," Matthews replied with a smile.

"We should meet privately with him," a paranoid Goebbels suggested, "If word leaked out of what we have come across there could be dire consequences."

"Very well," Hitler remarked quietly, dismissing Hess and Goering as the three proceeded to Room 5. Machinegun armed guards were standing outside of Goebbels' office, they saluted the Fuehrer, unlocked the door, and let them in.

Closing the door behind him, Goebbels remarked to Hitler, "Look at this Mein Fuehrer, these are computers!"

"What are they?" asked a bemused Hitler, staring at the piles of sophisticated equipment.

"Please sit down, Adolf my friend," added Goebbels, "This man Matthews is an American, and has brought us incredible technology from far in the future!"

"An American – you're kidding, right?" asked a smiling Hitler, looking to his Propaganda minister as he took a seat.

"I found it hard to believe too, but this man is a time traveler – "

"A what?" Hitler asked incredulously.

"You heard it right the first time Adolf – a time traveler, and he comes to us from a world that was destroyed! Contained in these incredible machines are proof of this, and also..."

Goebbels trailed off, not knowing how to finish the sentence.

"And also what Joe?" asked Hitler, his face showing an imploring expression.

"That within twelve years the Third Reich will be totally destroyed by war, and that you and Herr Goebbels will be dead by May of 1945," Matthews finished.

"Impossible," Hitler scoffed arrogantly.

"Let us show you my friend," Goebbels offered in formal German.

Nodding to Matthews, the physicist booted up IntelliStation number one and proceeded over the next hours to prove to the Fuehrer that what he was telling was no lie or fantasy, but was the future.

At a little after 11:30 PM, Hitler replied darkly to Matthews while Goebbels left clicked the mouse, closing the program, "They even know about my niece Geli and they say I murdered her, that's not true, she committed suicide!"

"Yes Adolf, and in my history the Allies defeated Germany in April of 1945," Matthews replied somberly.

"The allies – we must change that," a somber Hitler added, looking to the floor.

"This time we will," Matthews stated with firm resolve, "But you must listen to me and to your advisors, such as Albert Speer and Erwin Rommel. You are a brilliant man yes, but some of the decisions you made in my past led to the fall of the Reich, and I have came back across time to change that and assist you in victory."

Hitler nodded, clearly shaken by the information he had absorbed.

"I was a fool, not allowing those better qualified than I to make decisions regarding the war," Hitler observed bitterly, shaking his head.

"No matter Mein Fuehrer, we know the future now and can adjust our plans accordingly," a smiling Matthews replied.

"We must," Hitler admitted.

The next day was spent with an absorbed Hitler and Goebbels sitting in his office watching recorded news broadcasts on the Magnavox color TV, brought back from almost 75 years in the future. Another IntelliStation was booted up later, Matthews using "Microsoft Internet Explorer 9" to show them web pages he had saved in the last weeks before he had left.

"Mikrosoft," Hitler muttered as an eager Goebbels volunteered to use the browser.

"Deutsche Mikrosoft now," Matthews added with a laugh.

Watching several DVD recorded TV shows from the years 2004-2007, Hitler and Goebbels stared in astonishment at the blatant Jewish propaganda blaring forth over future American television, produced by the major networks and other future Jew-controlled groups such as Disney and MTV. The disgusting unborn mulatto Mariah Carey gyrated her nigger ass across the 20" screen, followed by the idiotic Louisiana nigger wannabe Britney Spears.

"The world had sunk into madness," a shaken Hitler remarked after Matthews pressed "stop" on the DVD.

"No, it will sink into madness thanks to the Jews if we don't change it," a somber Matthews corrected, "That's why I'm here, with this technology Germany can stop it, we know the mistakes that will be made in the next 76 years, and we can correct the errors. Further, when certain figures in history appear we can either support or suppress them depending on their politics."

"Like that lying William Clinton or that deranged Chairman Mao fellow," a smiling Goebbels added excitedly.

"Precisely," Matthews observed, personally thinking of a young boy of fifteen years presently living in the state of Virginia – his grandfather, who had been crippled for life by a mortar attack on Okinawa during World War II.

Over the next few years, many things were changed that would have led to Germany's ultimate defeat and the technology was quickly assimilated that would lead to their easy victory.

After three years of intensive research, by early 1936 the first solid state VLSIC "Komputer" machines were developed under tight security, enabling German scientists to reproduce the IBM Pentium 6 Intellistation in entirety, even borrowing the future name "Pentium VI" for the 782 pin, glycol cooled MMX5 non-interrupt neural network microprocessor.

In the meantime a group of mathematicians was recruited to reengineer the Microsoft Windows 2006 software, making it even more useful – for war.

Finding the C++ source code of Windows was encrypted, it took only three months for brilliant Aryan mathematicians to crack the lockout using a slide-rule calculated algorithm procedure, afterward creating "Deutsche Mikrosoft Fenster XP 1936" using the same "Windows" logo that the future "Microsoft Corporation" had used in the alternate future.

Shortly thereafter, National Socialist Germany created a stock company called Deutsche Mikrosoft AG, the home offices located in Berlin.

A team of other loyal scientists reviewing the Encarta 2005 encyclopedia in the meantime, the name of Werhner Von Braun was discovered, the young rocket engineer being brought to Berlin and told of amazing discoveries being made at a site recently constructed, named Pennemunde, situated in the far north of Germany, on the Frisian coast.

As an overwhelmed Von Braun read of his V-2 accomplishment via computer, he then perused blueprints of later missiles including his American Saturn V. Amazed at the material he was reading, he nevertheless found it both plausible and understandable, thanks to his genius level Caucasian brain.

Shortly afterward his assigned team of engineers quickly developed German versions of the American Minuteman ICBM and Tomahawk cruise missile systems during the late thirties. Also developed was a mammoth launch vehicle dubbed "Titan", which enabled Germany to orbit a pair of geosynchronous communications satellites above White European Earth in the year 1939, these devices launched in total secrecy from Pennemunde, using boosters that were exact copies of Morton-Thiokol SRB's.

Jet propulsion, solid-state radar, future medicine, and advanced metallurgy were investigated as well, penicillin being brought to market by none other than I.G. Farben.

A duplicate version of the American F-22 jet fighter was engineered by Heinkel Aviation during early 1938, the advanced plane breaking the sound barrier and Mach 2 40,000 feet over the North Frisian Islands in the spring.

Atomic power was quickly developed in top secrecy for both bombs and propulsion, with advanced "seewolf" unterseeboots built from blueprints of an American "Seawolf" submarine, borrowed from a "Jane's" CD-ROM, driven by miniature pressurized light water atomic reactors, instead of 1930's diesel engines.

A determined Randall Matthews joined the Nazi party in early 1934 as Gauleiter of "Greater Germany" and "Hero of the Fatherland", while a grateful Fuehrer prepared his devoted forces for a blitzkrieg the world of 1939 could never have imagined.

From 1934 to 1938 history replayed itself in much the same way, the pompous Joachim Von Ribbentrop being appointed as German Ambassador to Britain and the unification of Austria and Germany occurring at the exact same time as before. The Sudetenland was acquired as well, with the stupid Neville Chamberlain again making his silly speech of "Peace in our Time" to his constituency in September 1938.

As the Fuehrer continued in his successes unabated, during 1937-38 "Il Duce" of Italy, Benito Mussolini and Emperor Hirohito of Japan through Marshal Hideki Tojo, joined together and created the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis.

These powerful nations stood determined, allied against those wanting to allow the weak and inferior to inherit the world and repeat the same stupidity that had destroyed the Caucasian and Japanese races in the not so distant future.

As before, on September 1, 1939 the German Army marched into Poland, and quickly took half of the country using conventional 1930s style forces, dividing it with the Communist Joseph Stalin of the Soviet Union. In this new reality, the USSR was a country that would later be utterly smashed by Germany within 31 months, using their top secret advanced technology from the future during the Russian campaign of "Operation Barbarossa," beginning on June 22, 1941.

Britain and France declared war on September 3, 1939, Matthews informing Hitler and his cabinet that attempting to contact Great Britain for peace talks would prove to be futile, thanks to the megalomaniacal judeophile Winston Churchill. This saved Deputy Fuehrer Rudolf Hess of the needless humiliation of crash landing in Britain in 1940 and made a prisoner for life for doing absolutely nothing.

This time, due to advance warnings of Matthews, Germany simply attacked and destroyed their enemies, defeating France once again and unlike the first time, utterly annihilating the trapped British and French forces marooned at Dunkirk.

The battleship "Bismarck" moved into the Atlantic, a much different machine than her original design, equipped with sonar, radar and this time was driven by oil-fired steam turbines. Still sporting her 18-inch guns, more for show than anything else, she was also well protected by computer-controlled Phalanx anti-aircraft batteries sitting forward of her conning towers and carried Mark-48 torpedoes in her tubes. Prowling the North Sea, she quickly sunk any British ships she came across, including obsolete battleships HMS "Invincible" and "Repulse".

Now employing top secret DO-F-22A's and BF-B-52E's, Great Britain was utterly defeated by the Nazis using laser-guided smart bombs only two weeks after the fall of France. The British conquest complete, Britain was made a puppet state much like the alternate Vichy France, as the King of England was forced by Einsatzgruppen to kneel to the victorious Adolf Hitler on a visit to Windsor palace. Easily converting many British subjects, including the King, to Nazism, most of the elite British military joined the Waffen SS.

All was quiet for the next year or so, until the time had again come for the invasion of the Soviet Union. The German High Command had learned from future history texts on their computers that the USSR had intended to attack Germany on June 30, 1941.

This time it was going to be different.

Striking hard on the early morning of June 22, 1941, Luftwaffe Dornier DO-E-3 AWACS launched from Danzig flew over the Polish border just before dawn, scanning with advanced "look down" radar for the Russian Army. Locating several divisions poised for attack near the Polish border, they were quickly followed by the blitzkrieg of a German Army now equipped with 1990's Abrams M1-A1 style "Panzer" tanks, armed with depleted uranium shells, linked to their

commanding officers on board AWACS by solid state, single-sideband FM digital radio transceivers.

Following were SS officers driving the strange, unbelievable "Hummerwagens", equipped with portable armor-piercing bazookas and exact copies, even down to the part numbers, of the General Electric minigun.

Officers and enlisted men in this theatre of war were equipped with Krupp engineered helmets and body armor, naturally made from space-age DuPont Kevlar, Mouser 9mm parabellum automatics, and dependable 7.62mm "Type 47 MPiKM Sturmgewehr Kalashnikoff" automatic rifles.

The American M-16 Stoner weapon had been considered for production by Luger AG after studying the blueprints, but was dismissed during field tests as being both too complicated and unreliable by armorers in the German Army. Thus a design was borrowed from the Soviet Union's future arsenal, having been originally developed by a tank driver named Mikhail Timofeyovich Kalashnikov in the year 1947, six years in the alternate future.

Destroying entire cities in the Ukraine with their advanced jet powered Messerschmidt BF-109's, and shooting down all opposing propeller-driven Russian aircraft with their advanced Heinkel HE-111's, the blitzkrieg continued until the beginning of the Russian winter, with the victorious Waffen SS pausing for a short but leisurely respite during the month of October near Moscow and Stalingrad.

"The war is going very well for us," a smiling Hitler remarked to Randall Matthews and his friend Goebbels as they watched a color U-Matic videotape of Russia literally being overrun by disciplined German troops driving Hummerwagens.

"I'd say so, Joe Stalin must be shitting his pants by now," Matthews commented dryly, staring at a 32" Blaupunkt high definition color television set, complete with "Gemstar" menus for local programming.

"We thank you for this, Herr Gauleiter Matthews," Hitler added.

"Don't mention it mein Fuehrer," answered an unconcerned Matthews, holding an iced bourbon in his left.

America, commanded by the cripple, in body and mind, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, stood impotent before the Nazi onslaught, that is until the fateful day of December 7, 1941.

"Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a day which will live – in infamy," Roosevelt harangued over a tube-type amplifier in the Senate chamber, while German commanding officers conversed with Berlin over their VLSIC digital satellite cellphones on the Russian steppes, Stalingrad and Moscow quickly falling to the victorious Nazis under General Von Bock. An angry America then declared war on the Japanese Empire, bound by treaty to be defended by the Nazis.

Germany, not even waiting this time, declared war on the United States after receiving the news on an antique teletype, knowing thanks to the American Randall Matthews and his wonderful technology from the future, crushing the hypocritical, Jew controlled "Arsenal of Democracy" would prove ridiculously easy.

In the Reichstag, Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler declared total war on the United States on the afternoon of December 8, 1941, as loyal Nazis saluted the Fuehrer and shouted "Sieg Heil!" An applauding Goebbels, Goering, Rudolf Hess and Randall Matthews were beside the Fuehrer on the podium, giving him a standing ovation.

"We'll flatten those Yankee bastards within six months," a determined Matthews remarked to Hermann Goering, standing to his left.

"I don't doubt it Herr Matthews," a smiling Goering answered back, still applauding the Fuehrer.

For the next month, Admiral Karl Doenitz's wolfpacks of ultra-advanced nuclear unterseeboots prowled the North Atlantic, sending American shipping to the bottom with duplicated, computer controlled Mark-48 torpedoes almost immediately after they left the harbors.

Broadcasting from London instead of Hamburg over a solid state short-wave radio transmitter, a vengeful and vitriolic William Joyce, otherwise known as "Lord Haw Haw", together with his wife "Axis Sally", reveled in the upcoming total defeat of the United States of America.

"This is Germany calling, this is Germany calling, carried via the BBC today in stereo – you good yanks really should reconsider your precarious position, isn't it enough that we have flattened your inferior fleet in the Atlantic pond, what must we do, destroy your entire country? Tell me, do you love your kike President Rosenfeld that much?" Haw Haw asked plainly.

The broadcast continued, Haw Haw advising American civilians as to how to deal with shrapnel wounds from German bombs, a DJ afterward playing selections from a Glenn Miller CD, starting with a monaural "Pennsylvania six – five thousand".

"I apologize to our listeners that we don't have Glenn Miller in full Dolby stereo," a vicious Haw Haw taunted, "Johnny Reb of the south, where are you when we need you? Fight those evil Yankees for National Socialist Germany under your glorious Stars and Bars, take up arms and get rid of their niggers and Jews before its too late for you," a jeering Haw Haw advised, breaking into riotous laughter.

"The fucking demonic bastard, he's completely evil," an angry Franklin Delano Roosevelt spat from the second floor of the White House, listening to an AB battery powered, tube-type Philco shortwave radio by candlelight during a blackout.

"Evil – speak for yourself Mr. President, I don't know about you, but I don't really like niggers or Jews either," Cordell Hull remarked.

"You don't?" asked Roosevelt, clumsily attempting to maneuver himself into a better political position.

"No, and regardless of all that, I think Haw Haw's got himself a point there Franklin," Hull remarked bluntly as First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt passed by, handing her chain-smoking, philandering husband another pack of "Lucky Strike" cigarettes.

"Neither do I, but Haw Haw's nothing but a Nazi asshole propagandist," a disgusted Roosevelt retorted, placing a cigarette in a holder and lighting it.

"Perhaps so, but the Nazis are beating us hands down, it's a turkey shoot for them," answered Hull.

"How are they doing it?" asked Roosevelt, his hands in the air.

"How the hell do I know, ask Joe Kennedy if you want, he really likes 'em – I guess they're better than we are," Hull answered, looking to the east toward Germany.

"Joe Kennedy, he's a goddamn nazi too, the Mick beadrattler," replied a bigoted Roosevelt, exhaling his latest puff loudly.

"Yeah, it seems a lot of people are these days," a sympathetic Hull replied dryly, having just finished reading the English translation of Adolf Hitler's brilliant "Mein Kampf" and finding himself agreeing with much of it.

"What is stereo sound anyway?" asked a confused Roosevelt, looking to the 1940 Philco console.

"Some kind of two channel audio according to the experts," Hull replied.

"Two channel audio – what's that?" inquired Roosevelt.

"Who knows, but the Germans have it and we don't," answered a shrugging Hull.

"Hearty cheerios yank losers," announced a very happy Lord Haw Haw in full C-QUAM AM stereo, closing the broadcast from London.

"Lousy bastard," spat Roosevelt, staring at the Philco while the latest tactical disaster continued to unfold in the Atlantic Ocean, a brand-new and as yet unnamed aircraft carrier being sunk just off Cape Hatteras, her engines not even broken in as she disappeared beneath the waves.

Observing the foundering carrier on a color plasma monitor connected by video feed to the periscope, the Nazi U-boat commander shook his head and frowned while observing the utter futility in which the hapless Americans were attempting to prosecute the war with their outdated technology.

"These people are complete idiots, why don't they surrender? Christ, will we have to kill them all?" he muttered to while his second in command looked on.

"They're fools," the second officer commented stoically, the captain looking to him for a moment and then back at the monitor.

Realizing their navy was useless in the Atlantic theatre due to the invincible U-boats, the U.S. War Department decided to concentrate on the more hospitable Pacific theatre, where their war was going just a little better, as U-boats apparently had not yet come to the rescue of the Japanese Navy.

All this was soon to change, for at the time the Nazis were mercifully attempting let the Americans see the error of their ways on their own and had no wish to destroy the American people, many of which were ethnic Germans.

Unfortunately for America in early 1942, the American Army Air Corps had decided to attempt a sneak attack on the heretofore unknown technologically superior Nazi Germany, with a mission launched from Iceland, as Great Britain had been completely conquered by late 1940.

Sending a group of their most advanced B-17-G's and P-51-E Mustangs on this "sneak" attack, they approached the British Isles after having figured out an advanced method of getting their planes there – in flight refueling, by using highly modified B-24 "liberators" as fuel transports. In the former reality, this system had only been perfected during the 1950's Korean War, but from the pressure of the stunningly victorious Nazis, necessity had become the mother of invention.

Picking the intruding planes up on top secret, advanced solid state, computerized over the horizon radar stationed on the French coast in Cherbourg, Waffen SS informed the Luftwaffe that American planes were attempting an assault on London. A pair of top secret Dornier DO-F-16E fighters were scrambled from Normandy, flying at Mach 2 toward the British Isles.

"Keep your plane high in the sun and fly down at full power over their primitive junk," advised Captain Helmut Snyder to Lieutenant Friedrich Hoess as their jets closed on hapless armada of propeller driven aircraft.

In minutes they roared past the Mustangs and bombers cruising over the Atlantic at Mach 2, the antique prop jobs shuddering in their wake.

"We overshot them as if they were standing still!" remarked Helmut with a laugh as they kicked in afterburners and climbed high into the sky.

"I think we should take a second pass sir," replied Friedrich as he moved the stick to the left.

"Why not?" answered Helmut, joining him.

Turning around, they flew directly toward one of the B-17's as the Flying Fortresses cut loose with 20 mm machine guns, piercing a hole in the plexiglas on Helmut's windscreen, barely missing him as the round exited through another pane of plexi just in front of his flight helmet.

"Schizen!" exclaimed Helmut, veering to the right, while a pair of American Mustangs turned and began firing.

Several 20mm shells impacted on the swastika-emblazoned vertical stabilizer of Hoess' DO-F-16E, who yelled into his mike, "Captain they just holed my ass, why are we playing with these American bastards!"

"Let's shoot them all down, shall we?" replied Helmut as both pilots turned to attack the offending machines.

The jets slowed dramatically as Captain Snyder closed on one of the Mustangs. Using his heads-up display to lock on target, he fired a short burst from his 20mm cannon.

The P-51 Mustang, mortally wounded from a ruptured gasoline tank and destroyed starboard flaps began to veer downward, trailing smoke, as Helmut watched it crash on the west coast of Britain, while another shot down by Friedrich careened into the sea. A parachute was seen approaching the coast, Snyder advising a British Gestapo patrol over scrambled FM radio of the location of the enemy airman.

Again turning and coming up on the rear of the other fighters, the jets fired cannons and air-to-air rockets, quickly destroying the remaining six Mustang fighter escorts. The five Boeing B-17's now little more than pitiful sitting ducks, the German fighter jets leisurely cut loose with their 20mm cannons and sent them flaming into the drink as well.

"That takes care of those assholes," remarked Helmut as they turned for home.

"All thirteen enemy planes have been eliminated," Snyder advised Normandy, "Strike Force 1 returning to base."

"Jawohl," replied the Luftwaffe commander.

Landing on the concrete runway, Captain Snyder and Lieutenant Hoess maneuvered their planes toward the hanger and parked them near the hanger doors. Stepping from the aircraft, they removed their flight helmets.

"Got her a little shot up eh Lieutenant?" an English aircraft mechanic remarked as he looked at the vertical stabilizer of Hoess' plane.

"The Captain took one through the plexi," added Hoess in English.

"Both will have to be grounded for service," the technician remarked, "How many did you get?"

"Thirteen," the Captain replied with a smile in English as the mechanic grinned back and patted the side of one advanced Dornier aircraft.

Walking to the commander's office, they entered for a debriefing.

"What have the Americans got?" brusquely asked Major Wolfgang Ritter of Snyder as the door closed.

"Nothing even remotely comparable to what we have sir," replied the Captain in German, giving his superior the Nazi salute, "Their planes are all sub-sonic and propeller driven, we shot them down within five minutes."

"Excellent, that will be good news for the Fuehrer," Ritter observed, "He and Gauleiter Matthews will be pleased."

"Sieg Heil!" exclaimed Captain Snyder, the major nodding and saluting.

In Berlin, news of the easy victory reached Hitler and his cabinet, as Gauleiter Matthews viciously smiled to himself during the meeting.

"As I have said, these victories are thanks to our Gauleiter Matthews and his wonderful technology from the future," Adolf Hitler remarked with a smile to the group.

"Hail Matthews!" the fifteen assembled men replied in unison, led by Heinrich Himmler. Reinhard Heydrich sat silently in the background, completely absorbed with perusing a document regarding the concentration camps that were collecting the enemies of the Fatherland.

The news from the African Front was equally encouraging, with Marshal Erwin Rommel having destroyed all opposing forces with their German version of the advanced "Abrams" tank. Reconnaissance maneuvering was easily accomplished with his troops using their high-speed, incredible Daimler-Benz "Hummerwagens", these having been known in the former reality as AM General Humvees. Soon the unstoppable Nazis would take over the entire northern section of the African continent, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea.

In another three months, on March 7, 1942, victorious German forces reached the Russian city of Vladivostok on the Pacific coast, securing the northern portion of the Asian continent.

One would have thought Marshal Josef Vissoyanarovich Dzhughashvili, otherwise known as the murderous Joseph Stalin, along with his cabinet, would have been executed by the victorious Nazis.

This was not to be the case, as Marshal Stalin, always an opportunist, quickly saw an opening after the fall of Stalingrad as he hid in Soviet Georgia. Reappearing among smiling Waffen SS guards, the former Soviet leader recanted his embracement of Leninist Communism, stating that Fuehrer Adolf Hitler was overlord of all the Russias. Shortly afterward, he summarily executed his Jewish supporters and quickly converted to Nazism, to save his ass and his hold on power.

Saluting the Fuehrer, a pragmatic Joseph Stalin, as Gauleiter of Greater Russia, changed his clothes from green to black, donned a swastika on his left arm, saluted and joined his former enemies, creating the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo-Moscow Axis. Elite Waffen SS hoisted the proud German war flag over the Kremlin – a swastika blowing briskly in the cold Russian wind.

The Russians now on the Fuehrer's side, it was now only a matter of time before a victorious Nazi Germany would go on to capture the entire world.

In the United States, a bitter FDR vowed to fight on against hopeless odds, wondering why the Nazis had such brilliant engineers, had weird speedy subs that never needed to surface or refuel, and had rocket planes that could fly over three times as fast as the best fighters America could muster – including primitive Boeing and Lockheed jets.

Three months later, after New York City was flattened by Messerschmidt BF-B-52-E bombers, killing over 500,000 people, several of Roosevelt's advisors declared that it might be best for the United States to sue for peace. Also, in a not altogether unexpected undersea tidal wave, Hitler's merciless atomic U-boats had moved into the Pacific theatre during the late spring of 1942.

Disaster followed quickly for the Pacific American Task forces, with Deutscher Kriegsmarine "Unterseewolf" nuclear attack subs U-2544, U-2981 and U-3002, using advanced passive sonar, quickly locating and sinking aircraft carriers Hornet, Yorktown, Enterprise, Lexington, Wasp and Saratoga, along with the battleships North Carolina, Washington, and Colorado – all within a week.

"I'm sorry, we are beaten Mr. President, Hitler's forces captured Hawaii last week using Waffen SS paratroopers and their rocket planes," remarked Chester Nimitz on the following weekend, a driving rain pelting the roof of the White House.

Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, smoking a Cuban cigar, concurred with Nimitz, and it was amazing Halsey was even there, having had the "Hornet" shot out from under him by Kriegsmarine sub U-2981.

"Hitler's invincible forces are now defending the Japanese Empire and our early victories in the Pacific have been reversed by their incredible U-boats and rocket planes," added Ambassador

Joseph P. Kennedy, hardly able to contain his satisfaction as they sat in Roosevelt's study. "Further, the Nazis have developed an advanced radar system that can spot our planes from over 500 miles before they even reach their fucking targets!"

"Yes, and you're very happy about that aren't you Mr. Kennedy?" Roosevelt snapped angrily to the former British Ambassador, a man rumored to have Nazi sympathies, having been recalled to Washington shortly before Britain fell.

"Are you calling me a traitor you crippled jackass?" Kennedy yelled.

"Forgive me for saying so Herr Kennedy, but you do seem to like the Nazis more than us," a sarcastic Roosevelt thundered.

"Fuck you and the horse you rode in on Franklin! I've lost two of my sons – Joe and Jack to your goddamned war that we cannot possibly win, and I'll be goddamned if you're going to get my sons Robert and Teddy too!" Kennedy exclaimed, "Do the deaths of two of my children prove my loyalty, you evil megalomaniacal bastard?"

"That's enough out of you Mister Kennedy," Roosevelt spat, pulling his cigarette holder from his mouth, putting his latest butt out in an ashtray.

"Its not enough!" thundered Kennedy between gritted teeth, "Fuck you buster, you make me sick to my stomach! You don't intimidate me at all you crippled loser, I could buy and sell your ass even today!"

"I'm the President of the United States you rum-running criminal bastard!" exclaimed Franklin Roosevelt, staring at the former Ambassador.

"Kiss my ass, I don't fucking care who you are President cripple," retorted a livid Kennedy, "I seem to remember in the 30's Huey Long and Father Caughlin both said you're nothing but a communist shithead masquerading as a goddamned Democrat!"

"Easy Joe," remarked Halsey, "Franklin's under a lot of stress."

"Stress my ass – so am I – two of my sons are dead thanks to this stupid bastard, and the only reason this moron won't sue for peace is because he's one of those goddam Jews Hitler's after!" retorted Kennedy, lighting a cigarette and passing his lighter to Admiral Halsey.

"I am a Dutch Reformed Anglo-Saxon, not a hook-nosed Jew," protested FDR indignantly.

"Sure you are Mr. Rosenfeld, and your cunt wife is a nigger loving lesbian," spat Kennedy, exhaling a puff through gritted teeth.

"I'm not Jewish you Mick beadrattler!" reiterated a livid Roosevelt, smashing his right hand down on a desk.

"Yeah, he won't defend that bitch Eleanor will he?" observed the thick-skinned Kennedy with a broad smile, not insulted at all by Roosevelt's remark about Catholics.

"Eleanor has nothing to do with this," spat FDR.

"Oh yes she does, the dyke, and you still strike me as nothing but a Dutch kike, Henry Ford's said the same goddam thing in the Dearborn Independent!" exclaimed Kennedy as he rose from his chair, knocking it over backwards and walking out, slamming the door behind him.

"I am not Jewish," stated a frowning Roosevelt to Nimitz and Halsey.

"I don't care, but thou doest seem to protest too much," remarked Admiral Halsey, exhaling a puff from his latest cigar, advising, "Sue for peace Mr. President, or we're all dead."

Roosevelt looked to Chester Nimitz.

"They're right Franklin, sue for peace," Nimitz remarked, "Our spies say they have deliverable atomic bombs and are holding back out of mercy."

"They do?" asked Roosevelt, "I only received the letter from Einstein last month!"

"According to OSS they developed their first atomic reactor way back in 1935," replied Nimitz somberly, "Rumor has it all their subs are atomic powered too."

"What?" asked Roosevelt, "Fermi told me they can't have such a device created before September of this year!"

"The Germans have them Mr. President," Nimitz answered darkly, "Along with an advanced rocket delivery system called MIRV, and they may even have an ultimate weapon called a hydrogen superbomb according to the paltry few spies we still have alive in the Reich. The young theoretical physicist Edward Teller has confirmed this information, stating to Robert Oppenheimer that a tritium hydrogen fusion bomb is quite possible, using an atomic bomb as a fuse."

"No!" protested FDR.

"Yes," Nimitz answered bluntly, "OSS has also informed Army Intelligence that their Messerschmidt BF-B-52s and Dornier DO-F-16s are more than a match for our B-17s and B-24s, along with any of our Mustang or Corsair fighters, and even the experimental B-29. Further, the BF-B-52 rocket planes can fly across the entire Atlantic without refueling, even from Berlin, carrying an atomic payload."

"You can't be serious," Roosevelt remarked, almost in tears.

"I am," Chester Nimitz answered, "That's not the worst of it sir, according to OSS, they're developing a new fighter-bomber plane that can't even be seen by radar, an incredible machine dubbed the Dornier DO-F-117, and have an invisible experimental fighter aloft dubbed the Heinkel HE-F22-A."

"I've heard that too Franklin, they'll kill us all if we don't surrender," declared Halsey, looking to the floor.

Nimitz looked to Roosevelt somberly and added, "I have also been told by OSS that the Germans have electronic equipment, radio and radar, that operate perfectly without using vacuum tubes, and have developed another strange device they call "Komputer" machines. These units for lack of a better explanation mimic human brains, by using something called "Deutsche Mikrosoft XP 42 software" whatever that is, and can outthink any living being on this Earth."

"My God," replied a now delirious Roosevelt, "Why haven't my advisors told me of this?"

"Perhaps because they were all too busy kissing your ass Mr. President," remarked Admiral Halsey.

"Kissing my ass?" asked Roosevelt, narrowing his eyes in contempt.

"How else would you put it – look at the situation we're in," retorted a disgusted Halsey.

"Sue for peace Franklin or the Nazis will simply destroy us," reiterated Chester Nimitz.

"I'll look into it," a defeated Roosevelt answered.

Later that day, the first diplomatic feelers with regard to a cease-fire were promulgated, a smug Adolf Hitler calling for the unconditional surrender of the United States to National Socialist Germany.

Unknown to Roosevelt, both Hitler and Matthews had anticipated this pleasant situation, and had already sent Kriegsmarine "Wilhelm class" nuclear powered aircraft carrier "Vaterland", CVK-50, across the Atlantic Ocean a month earlier, where she was anchored 200 miles off Norfolk Virginia.

This vessel had been built in total secrecy at the Danzig shipyard during 1937-39, and had quietly moved into the Atlantic during 1940 after the fall of Britain. She and four other sister ships, CVK-51 through 55, were exact duplicates of an American "Nimitz class" aircraft carrier from the alternate future, down to their Phalanx anti-aircraft guns and Tomahawk cruise missiles, conventional and nuclear. Fully armed Dornier DO-F-16's were sitting on the Vaterland's flight

deck awaiting orders from the Fuehrer, and the swastika-emblazoned German war flag flew proudly from her foremast.

"Top-secret message on digital satellite teletype waiting for you at CIC Captain," the Vaterland's executive officer reported to Commodore Ernst Schultz while he was relaxing in his cabin watching one of Goebbels' videotaped newsreels on a Blaupunkt DVD player connected to a Telefunken 32" color television set.

"Thank you Mr. Hoestetter, hail the Fuehrer," the Captain answered politely as he left his cabin for CIC.

"Heil Hitler!" replied the exec, saluting the Commodore.

Arriving at CIC, the Commodore remarked to his radio officer, "Please print out the message Lieutenant Schmidt."

"Aye sir," the Lieutenant answered, clicking on the "Print" icon on his Grundig desktop console.

The message was exactly what the Commodore expected as he read the printout with a smile.

The message read:

FROM GERMAN HIGH COMMAND TO REICHCOMMODORE ERNST SCHULTZ OF THE VATERLAND:
IT IS SO ORDERED – STAND DOWN ON ALL HOSTILITIES – AS OF 0:600 BERLIN TODAY, THE
AMERICAN GOVERNMENT UNDER PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT HAS ASKED FOR A
CESSATION OF ALL HOSTILITIES WITH THE REICH, AND ARE OFFERING THEIR UNCONDITIONAL
SURRENDER TO OUR FUEHRER ADOLF HITLER. VATERLAND CVK-50 IS HEREBY ORDERED TO
PROCEED TO NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, FOR ARRANGEMENT AND SIGNING OF SURRENDER TO GREATER
GERMANY AND AXIS ALLIES. PROCEED AS YOU THINK BEST, FORMAL NEGOTIATIONS FOR
SURRENDER ARE TO BE CONDUCTED WITH WAR SECRETARY CORDELL HULL, ARMY GENERAL
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, NAVY ADMIRAL CHESTER NIMITZ, ARMY AIR CORPS GENERAL CURTIS
LEMay, WHITE HOUSE LIAISON JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, SR., AND PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO
ROOSEVELT. – REPEAT – IT IS SO ORDERED BY THE FUEHRER – STAND DOWN ON ALL HOSTILITIES –
AND SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL ON A JOB WELL DONE MEN – A CEASE-FIRE IS NOW IN
EFFECT AND SURRENDER IS PENDING!

SIEG HEIL!

ADMIRAL KARL DOENITZ

REICH KRIEGSMARINE

"The war is over, Sieg Heil!" Schultz exclaimed with a broad smile, heading for the bridge.

"Commodore on the bridge!" remarked the Kriegsmarine duty officer as the men turned and saluted him.

"At ease," Schultz replied with a wave of a hand, "Duty officer, anchors up, turn the Vaterland due west, full ahead all, we're heading to Norfolk, the Americans have surrendered!"

"Aye aye, sir," the duty officer answered with a smile.

The anchors were reeled in by steam driven power winches, the anchor locker boatswain calling a few minutes later, "Anchors are up sir and locked in position."

"Acknowledged boatswain, helmsman, set course to heading 270, quartermaster all ahead full," ordered the duty officer.

"Set course 270 aye," replied the helmsman, smartly throwing Vaterland's wheel to starboard as the quartermaster moved the engine telegraph to "full ahead", he remarking, "All screws full ahead, indicate one-one-zero RPM."

"Indicating one-one-zero aye sir, shaft speed one-one-zero RPM," acknowledged the duty officer.

Vaterland CVK-50 rapidly picked up speed and headed for Norfolk.

Deutscher Kriegsmarine carrier Vaterland, CVK-50 arrived just outside Norfolk that evening as the American public was told over AM radio that a huge German aircraft carrier was going to be piloted into Norfolk harbor on the next day.

"All stop mein quartermaster!" exclaimed second officer Wilhelm Milsch as Vaterland approached the headwaters and shoals of the lower Chesapeake Bay, looking at an enhanced LCD sonar display of the bottom.

"All stop aye," answered the quartermaster while an assigned ensign moved the engine telegraph perpendicular to "ALL STOP", Vaterland slowly coming to a stop.

"She's at all stop sir, shaft speed now zero RPM sir," remarked the ensign, standing at attention.

"Acknowledged ensign, thank you," answered the quartermaster.

"Drop anchors after she comes to a full stop," ordered Milsch.

"Aye aye sir," answered the quartermaster, Vaterland dropping her twin twenty-ton anchors over ten minutes later as she drifted to a lazy stop in the lower Chesapeake Bay.

"Anchors are down and on bottom at four fathoms mein quartermaster," the boatswain called over the intercom.

"A bit tight, acknowledged, thank you boatswain," the quartermaster answered.

The commander of Norfolk naval base, first talking through an interpreter, radioed the German carrier that they were going to send a German speaking pilot by tugboat, to which Commodore Schultz replied in good English, "Never mind all that, we'll send a chopper to pick him up."

"A what?"

"A helicopter," Schultz replied.

"What is that?"

"An autogyro," Schultz clarified, shaking his head at the nonsense.

"You have those too?"

"Lots of 'em, I take it you don't have any," Schultz answered.

"Only experimental ones," the commander replied.

"Figures," remarked Schultz, looking to his smiling second officer.

Retrieving the pilot by helicopter, he was flown to the Vaterland, noticing the proud German war flag flying over the bridge above the rotating radar antennae and the gigantic numerals "50" painted on the asphalt covered flight deck fore and aft. The chopper landed aft and deposited him on the deck.

Looking in awe at the huge machine, he was conducted to the bridge as the commodore remarked, "Welcome aboard, do you think you can pilot Vaterland into Norfolk?"

"I believe so," replied the pilot, "I've piloted carriers before, but not one quite this big."

"It's easy, she has twin power rudders," remarked the helmsman, "Commodore, should I turn her over to the American?"

"That's an aye," a nodding Schultz replied, allowing the pilot to take over.

"Anchors up boatswain," the pilot ordered into a microphone.

"Aye aye sir," the boatswain answered, Vaterland's anchors quickly reeled in, gigantic steel links dropped into the chain locker by the power winch.

Looking at a marked chart, the pilot took the wheel, calling out, "Changing course to two-seven-two Mister quartermaster, all ahead one third."

"Course is now two-seven-two, all ahead one-third aye," answered the quartermaster in flawless English, moving the engine telegraph to ahead: one-third.

The carrier Vaterland CVK-50 proceeded slowly into Norfolk harbor as tugboats moved alongside to ease her into her slip.

"All stop," called the harbor pilot a short time later as Vaterland approached the docks.

"All stop aye, indicating zero RPM screw speed," replied the quartermaster, moving Vaterland's telegraph to "all stop".

"That's an aye, thanks," answered the pilot with a nod, quite pleased he had piloted such a huge ship without incident.

Afterward, the tugs moved up to her gigantic hull and eased her headfirst into her slip.

Kriegsmarine seamen in full dress whites quickly tied her up as a somber President Roosevelt and his entourage arrived in a 1940 Packard 180. Leaving the car, they were quickly conducted aboard the ship.

"Welcome aboard the Vaterland Mr. President," an English speaking Commodore Schultz in dress whites remarked with a bow, shaking his hand and showing him to a chair and table sitting on the deck.

"Thank you Commodore," a subdued Roosevelt replied as he sat down, leaning his crutches against the table.

Cordell Hull, Douglas MacArthur, Chester Nimitz, and Curtis Lemay also took their seats, along with a very smug Joseph P. Kennedy, Senior.

The surrender papers had been satellite teletyped from Berlin, in English, and the assembled men read them intently.

"These terms are rather generous," Roosevelt remarked incredulously, looking to the Commodore seated across the table.

"I'll say," added Kennedy as Hull, MacArthur, Nimitz and Lemay nodded in agreement.

"The Fuehrer has no desire or intention to plunder your country, in deference to your former President Wilson, who protested the Versailles treaty, and out of respect for our Gauleiter Matthews, Hero of the Fatherland and Gauleiter of Greater Germany. Also, you are an Aryan nation and we have no desire to murder our white brothers."

"Dr. Randall Matthews, the physicist who emigrated to Germany after the last war, according to available records from OSS," remarked Kennedy.

"I know that Mr. Kennedy," Roosevelt replied tersely.

"So we loose Hawaii huh?" Nimitz asked.

"Yes, that is true," Schultz answered bluntly, "We are awarding Hawaii to the Japanese Empire, for it, along with Manchukuo and Greater China is within their sphere of influence."

"What about Australia and the Philippines?" asked Douglas MacArthur.

All territory from the Himalayas to the Philippines goes to Japan with the exception of upper Asia, which belongs to the Reich under Gauleiter Stalin," answered Schultz, "Australia and other commonwealth territories, excepting Canada have reverted to Britain under Gauleiter Edward Windsor."

"I see," observed General MacArthur.

"I guess you won't return after all, huh?" asked a smirking Joseph Kennedy, leaning on the arm of his chair and crossing his legs while he looked to the defeated General.

"Fuck off you traitorous Catholic beadrattler," spat MacArthur.

"Go to hell General loser," retorted Kennedy.

"Mister Kennedy, for that insulting remark I ought to knock your goddamned head off!" MacArthur exclaimed.

"Try it you tight-lipped, squared away jackass, I'm a civilian, and if you touch me I'll have you arrested, court martialed and then I'll sue your goddamned asshole off!" spat Kennedy as he removed his glasses, staring MacArthur in the face.

"Please don't feel bad Herr General MacArthur," interrupted Schultz, "We in the Greater Reich, specifically Herr Speer and Dr. Goebbels, are developing a plan to help your country get back on its feet, and after we conclude this surrender and peace treaty, we would also like to welcome your country into the United World Axis."

"Really," spat Roosevelt somberly.

"Hey Frank, when in Rome one does as the Romans do," advised a smiling Joseph Kennedy, a fuming but subdued MacArthur remaining silent.

"I suppose Benito Mussolini would approve of a ridiculous statement like that," retorted Roosevelt, reaching for what he thought was a fountain pen.

"Whatever," spat a satisfied Kennedy, folding his arms across his chest while a disgusted MacArthur stared at him.

Staring at the end of the instrument, Roosevelt asked, "What kind of pen is this?"

"A ballpoint pen," replied the Commodore with a smile, "It has its own ink contained inside and never leaks."

"No wonder you won the war," Roosevelt replied darkly as he signed the surrender documents, afterward presenting them to the war secretary and his military officers for their signatures.

The signing completed, Commodore Schultz handed Roosevelt an addendum document, stating if the United States decided to join the United World Axis within five years, they would have a free hand in deciding the fate of the Western Hemisphere, from Baffin Island to the western half of Antarctica, and from the Aleutians in the west to the Azores in the east. The entirety of Canada, Greenland and Iceland was included in the deal, Greenland having been taken from Denmark after this small country was absorbed into Greater Germany.

"Sign it Franklin quickly, before they change their minds," Curtis Lemay advised as Hull, Nimitz and MacArthur nodded.

Roosevelt looked to Kennedy.

"Hey, lose a war, gain an empire, that sounds goddamned good to me!" exclaimed Kennedy.

"What about Congress?"

"Fuck 'em," a smiling Kennedy answered, exhaling a puff from a cigarette, "They'd vote for it anyway considering current circumstances."

A defeated Roosevelt put his pen to the addendum and signed it, passing it to his military officers for their signatures.

After the ceremony was over, the commodore graciously invited his guests to dinner.

"No thank you," replied Roosevelt for the party as he shook the commodore's hand, "I'm sorry, but I have to figure out how to explain all of this to Congress and the American people, and I have no appetite for that."

"At your request we can send in Waffen SS and Einsatzgruppen to quell any disturbances," the Commodore offered.

"I shall advise the Fuehrer in Berlin if I need any help," a pragmatic Roosevelt answered.

"Hail the Fuehrer!" Commodore Schultz added with a Nazi salute, as Roosevelt nodded and gathered his crutches under his arms.

"Sieg Heil!" came from the mouth of Joseph Kennedy, clicking his heels and giving Commodore Schultz the Nazi salute, Schultz returning a salute to Kennedy.

"That man makes me sick," Roosevelt muttered in tears as he hobbled down the gangway, followed by the others.

Vaterland pulled out of Norfolk harbor a little over a week later and headed for Germany, where she was welcomed with great fanfare when she arrived in Danzig on the North Sea.

Hitler and his entourage were there, as was Randall Matthews, smiling to himself that World War II, having been before a literal bloodbath, had been for the most part averted, thanks to he and his time machine. The date was the warm spring day of May 25, 1942. Europe was again at peace, the United States was left to conquer an empire if it wished to, and the Japanese Empire had completed its objectives, its war machine winding down after being able to devote all of its forces to conquering mainland China.

Wisely having kept their secret technology from their Japanese allies, Nazi Germany allowed them to accomplish their task using 1940's technology, giving them logistical support at times, but always wary of allowing their rivals to gain any upper hand. Matthews had advised this even with regard to his former country, stating it was better to stay ahead of all others, rather than risk the probability of creating an alternative "cold war" that in this reality, never happened.

Shogun Mao Tse Tung assumed his position as overlord of China in the year 1944, defeating rival Chiang Ki Shek in a plebiscite called by Emperor Hirohito in the spring of that year. Thanks to Randall Matthews, millions of white people who had died before were still alive and well in this alternate reality, and millions of mud people that had not died before would never even be born.

The only problem left after the war was what to do with the Jews, who had actually caused this entire conflict through their greed and bigoted detestation of non-Jewish people, which they cunningly referred to among themselves as "goyim" – muttering to each other in Yiddish and Hebrew of their vicious hatreds – especially of white people, their only real competitors on the entire planet.

Indeed, their actions had been instrumental in bringing Hitler to power, by bankrupting Weimar Germany with a debased, worthless paper currency thanks to their unbridled greed, and they would now reap the whirlwind for their folly.

Dull-eyed, stupid, apelike niggers would follow shortly afterwards, resulting in a mostly white world by the year 1956.

Now concentrating on cleaning up the planet in late 1942, the United States first applied for membership and then joined the United World Axis as an associate member with approval of Congress under President Roosevelt, and began shipping its Jews to the island of Madagascar in early 1943.

Notable American kikes with names such as Goldwyn, Warburg, and Mayer were shipped in cages to the eastern coast of Africa and transferred to "Madagascar interment camp twenty". They were afterward disposed of by using concentrated hydrogen cyanide gas, not "Zyklon B", which was worthless for exterminating anything other than rodents and insects.

Originally having no intention of doing such a thing to Jews, Adolf Hitler had been persuaded of this method by using an IBM computer in the Reichstag, having stumbled on the lie of history called the "holocaust" one late evening in 1934, viewing a Sony Multiscan plasma monitor in his office with Herr Matthews.

"Let's give it to 'em really this time Adolf," a sadistic Matthews urged as Hitler and Goebbels read the Jewish lies contained in "Microsoft Encarta 2005"

"I agree with Randy," added a smirking Goebbels, leaning back in his chair, "After what I've read those lying kike bastards deserve it, and hell, I've never liked Jews anyway."

"Neither have I, but killing on that scale is against everything I believe in – " Hitler began.

"Don't be sentimental, you know the future – they'll do it to us if we don't do it to them first," admonished Matthews, a stern look on his face.

"Yes Randy, you're right as usual," remarked a frowning Hitler, nodding to Randall Matthews.

Thus having invented their own demise in the alternate reality, the kikes were completely exterminated from the entire planet by the year 1949, with Waffen SS Einsatzgruppen and Totenkopfverbände ferreting them out as they hid in places as remote as Peru.

On a brighter note, this happened as a German man named Reinhold Weiss landed on earth's moon on the date of July 20, 1949 with an Englishman named Nigel Armstrong.

"The Reicheagle has landed on our nearest companion in space," Schmidt announced over digital microwave FM radio after the lunar excursion module touched the surface of Luna, while a smiling Werner Von Braun looked to a plasma display showing the surface of the moon.

"Sieg Heil!" called out cheering technicians at Pennemunde, a graying, 60 year old Hitler also present, they facing him.

"Please people, don't salute me, salute them, they're the ones sitting on the moon," a completely embarrassed Hitler remarked, pointing to the display.

Shortly thereafter, in a spacesuit, Reinhold Weiss slowly stepped out onto the dusty, airless surface of the moon, followed by Nigel Armstrong, while pilot Schmidt manned the command module of Von Braun's Saturn V, orbiting several hundred kilometers above the surface.

"That's one small step for a man – one – giant leap for mankind," Weiss declared as he planted his right foot on the moon, he and Armstrong afterward planting the proud Nazi warflag on the surface, along with a bronze plaque marked with:

"On this date, 20 July 1949 A.D., man first set foot on the surface of the moon, coming in peace for all mankind; astronauts Reinhold Weiss, Nigel Armstrong, and pilot Claus Schmidt making this journey in the hope of spreading the freedom of National Socialism across the universe."

The signature of Adolf Hitler, Reichchancellor of Germany and the United World Axis followed, along with the signature of young Elizabeth II, present figurehead Queen of National Socialist Great Britain.

An aging Randall Matthews smiled with satisfaction, watching Weiss claim Earth's moon for Germany on his Telefunken 60" wall mount plasma display in his mansion south of Berlin.

"One small step he says – and with a man named Armstrong too, that's really weird. Neil Armstrong's probably just a punk in the American Luftwaffe presently, if I recall correctly the Americans originally did it in '69 under Nixon," a chuckling Matthews remarked, Nazi party member Richard Milhaus Nixon presently junior Gauleiter of California.

"What?" asked his wife Inger, occupied caring for their young children, his eldest Ernst staring at the screen with his father.

"Never mind, it doesn't matter anyway," a smiling Matthews answered.

"Are they really standing the moon dad?" young Ernst asked, looking to the high definition Telefunken receiver.

"Yes they are son, our beloved Germany is moving into the heavens," Randall Matthews answered, staring at the Nazi warflag standing on the surface of earth's closest neighbor.

Time passed, and Matthews, having been in his late thirties at the time of his arrival in Germany, was now in his sixties in the late 1950's. Adolf Hitler had died a very happy man in the early summer of 1959 at 71 years of age, a graying Deputy Fuehrer Rudolf Hess solemnly assuming the position of leader of the Fatherland.

"Sieg Heil!" a crowd shouted as a swastika-draped coffin was carried into the Reichstag crypt by Waffen SS, containing the mortal remains of their beloved fuehrer, first National Socialist Reichchancellor of the thousand year Reich, Adolf Hitler.

"I shall miss him for the rest of my life," a tearful Goebbels remarked to Randall Matthews standing with his wife Magda in front of the Reichstag.

"As shall I too, he was a good man and a very good friend to me," a nodding Matthews replied, hopefully looking forward to the 1960's while his wife Inger stood by his side with their four Aryan children, aged 16 to 23.

More time passed, with Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels, 67, a dear friend of the 73 year-old Randall Matthews, accompanying Gauleiter Matthews and his wife in the year 1964 to a British concert in London to see a rock group Matthews had spoke of during an evening in the late 1930's at Hitler's personal retreat, Bergdorf.

"So these are the ones that call themselves the Beatles?" Goebbels remarked as he and Magda proceeded toward the concert hall.

"Yeah, they play the best Rock and Roll music you've ever heard in your life," replied Matthews.

"I don't know about that Randy, it would be damned hard to top Elvis Presley," a smiling Goebbels answered as they walked into the concert hall and presented their tickets.

"Believe me, they top Elvis," a smiling Matthews replied, looking to his friend.

"Whad are ya doing ere ol' man?" a teenaged Liverpool punk asked in a thick accent of the nearly white-haired Randall Matthews.

"I love the Beatles," a smiling Matthews replied.

"Whad ya mean, I've neer even erd em!" the punk exclaimed as they walked into the concert.

"I have," a happy Matthews answered to the confused punk, having occasionally listened to their songs in his study privately using "Winamp" through the 1930's, 40's and 50's.

Seating themselves, Matthews watched a very young John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr perform their latest composures before a cheering crowd.

"I actually think their music is somewhat decadent Randy," Goebbels remarked dryly, tapping his foot.

"Yeah, but it is good isn't it, and you haven't even heard the song "Hey Jude" or even the Rolling Stones yet, let alone Eric Clapton, Led Zepplin or Pink Floyd, loosen up Joe," Matthews replied as he softly elbowed Goebbels, swaying to the music.

"Hey Jude – was ist das; ein Judelein?" asked Goebbels, narrowing his eyes a moment.

"They're gone Joe – it has nothing to do with Jews, it's a song about John Lennon's son Julian, a kid who hasn't been born yet," Matthews answered, "That is if he even hooks up with Yoko Ono, which is highly doubtful considering the miscegenation laws."

"Who?"

"Some ugly gook broad, if her ancestors weren't killed off in World War Two or in the purges," Randall Matthews replied.

"Oh, ja, I think I understand now," answered a nodding Goebbels.

"What do you think of the tunes?" asked Matthews a few minutes later as the Beatles prepared for their next set.

"They're not bad, but I still prefer Elvis Presley," answered a smiling Goebbels, shrugging.

"To each his own," remarked Matthews, taking his bemused wife's Inger's hand in his.

Goebbels smiled his trademark slight smile, and turned from his friend, observing a frowning Paul McCartney replacing a broken guitar string.

I'm alive in 1964, and that sure beats 1945, a satisfied Goebbels thought to himself.

World Nazism having encircled the world to his complete satisfaction, a bitter blow hit the aged Randall Matthews in late 1966, his German wife Inger Matthews, née Mannlichter, age 64, dying of a metastatic uterine cancer in December of that year on Christmas Eve, despite heroic measures taken by German physicians using advanced technology available only for Aryans.

A lonely Matthews spent the first months of 1967 in almost total seclusion, drinking heavily of Bourbon, bitter at his beloved wife Inger's death, aside from his four children only seeing his aging friend Goebbels and wife Magda on occasion just south of Berlin.

"Herr Matthews, you are the First Hero of the Fatherland," Joseph Goebbels remarked during one of their visits, trying to cheer him up, remembering the great man who had so long ago came into his office one spring morning in 1933.

"I'm also an old man with no one around my friend," Matthews replied, not caring anymore about the many titles bestowed upon him by the past Fuehrer.

"We are your friends," remarked Goebbels in very formal German, knowing his words of comfort meant very little to a man that had lost his beloved wife.

"I know that Joe," Matthews replied with a weak smile.

Magda looked sadly at the dour Matthews, and remarked to her husband, "Our Herr Matthews still needs time to himself, to mourn his wife Inger."

"My beloved Inger is dead and gone Magda dear, I mourn only for myself," Matthews replied, his lips pursed tight.

With those words Randall Matthews showed Herr Doktor Goebbels and wife to the door of his opulent home.

"Will you be alright my friend?" asked Goebbels, shaking his hand firmly.

"I'll manage," answered Matthews, closing the door.

Recalling his original birthdate in the late 1960's, on a warm April night Matthews thought of a white woman yet to be born in his home state of South Carolina. This young lady had once been his girlfriend in the year of 1987 – still over twenty years off in the alternate future, that is if she even existed in the future Randall Matthews had created by going back in time.

"Fuck," a wrinkled Matthews spat in perfect English, a language he now rarely spoke anywhere, preferring the German tongue, "Why think of that, Rosemary won't even be born until 1971 and you'll be near eighty then."

He thought of his pretty girlfriend he had dated in that alternate year, a tall blue-eyed brunette with deep-set eyes. He had met her at the automotive department of a local K-Mart, a chain that had gone bankrupt in his new reality as the American Kresge's five and dime store in 1959.

"It sucks for me either way," Matthews spat, conceding this reality was much better for white people, all the while still lamenting his still unborn Rosemary, an old man with young thoughts lonely for female companionship.

"You can never meet her now even as a young man, the stupid K-Mart will never exist here," he added.

Sitting in a leather chair, Matthews looked at the walls of his opulent German mansion. The oak and amber paneled walls were studded with framed accolades from the past Fuehrer Hitler, along with some from the succeeding Fuehrer Hess, Reichchancellor of Germany in 1967.

He looked to a glass case bearing the gold-threaded, swastika emblazoned sash he had worn across his chest at Nuremburg when he was proclaimed Supreme Gauleiter of the Entire Eurasian Fatherland. A grateful Adolf Hitler had awarded this prestigious gift to him on May 16, 1947, as he stood beside smiling Gauleiters Joseph Stalin and Edward Windsor on the very day the United States formally joined the United World Axis under President Truman.

Predictably, the American congress had also adopted National Socialism as their system of government, duly approved by the American people.

"Sieg – " Hess called out on that bright day, as Hitler had slipped the sash over Matthew's shoulder, Reichsmarshall Hermann Goering at his side.

"Heil!" screamed the saluting crowd, afterward giving thunderous applause to Gauleiter Matthews.

"Was it worth it?" asked Matthews quietly in his empty study.

"Yeah it was," he answered with firm resolve, satisfied he had been the one man to set the world right.

Matthews looked to the mantle of his unlit fireplace, staring at his gold-plated MPiKM "Sturmgewehr Kalashnikoff" automatic rifle – the Reich victory rifle as it was now called, a weapon having sat undisturbed on his mantle for well over twenty years.

Lifting it from its oiled teakwood mount, Matthews stared at the rifle, field stripping it in a matter of seconds, sitting the receiver cover and return spring on a polished table.

Aimlessly sliding the spring-loaded firing pin assembly through the channel in the bolt carrier for a moment, Randall Matthews stared at the assembly, noting the catch at the rear of the bolt for the auto sear follower.

"These weapons killed American boys in Vietnam in the other reality," a dour Matthews stated, looking to a nearby magazine.

"And it never happened here," he added with an ironic chuckle, smiling in satisfaction.

Removing the cleaning kit from the buttstock of the weapon, he opened it, setting out the tools. He pulled the cleaning rod from beneath the barrel, attached an oiled patch to it and slid the assembly down the barrel, cleaning the chrome-plated rifling. He reassembled the bolt and carrier, replacing it in the weapon, sliding in the return spring and snapping on the receiver cover.

He took a quite ordinary, thirty round magazine of fresh, 7.62x39mm German ammunition and loaded the weapon, pulling the magazine toward the buttstock as it locked with a click into the receiver.

Moving the selector to full automatic, he pulled the bolt back and released, chambering a round, hearing a sound similar to "chank-chuck".

Looking at the swastika marked, bakelite pistol grip, "Gauleiter Randall Matthews – Hero of the Eurasian Fatherland!" painstakingly engraved on the receiver of the weapon, he remarked, tears in his eyes, "I made this happen for my beloved white race, thank God, but I'm too damn old for it now – Sieg Heil!"

Randall Matthews placed the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, pulled the trigger and killed himself, blowing his brains out over the oak and amber paneling – three bullets exiting the Kalashnikov's barrel before the rifle fell to the floor.

The body careened over the leather chair, landing on the left, devoid of all life as it settled to the floor in a bloody heap.

Given an honorable German burial by Reichchancellor Hess at Nuremburg three days later, a somber crowd was assembled at the funereal speech.

"May our beloved Randall Matthews find his ultimate peace in our Valhalla!" Hess exclaimed at the podium as he stood beside an aging Dr. Goebbels, looking to the swastika draped coffin, Matthews' children standing alongside.

"Sieg – " called out a Nazi functionary, as Reichchancellor Hess held out his right arm in salute to Randall Matthews.

"Heil!" screamed the Aryan crowd.

Waffen SS carried the remains of Randall Matthews to his final resting place, placing him in a crypt marked in gold leaf with: "Here lies the body of our dear comrade and friend Randall Matthews – First Hero of the Eurasian Fatherland – born 5 September 1891, died 18 April 1967."

"Herr Matthews is with our dear Fuehrer and Reichsmarshal Goering in Valhalla," Rudolf Hess choked solemnly into a microphone, as tears ran down his and Dr. Goebbels' cheeks.

"I loved our Randy more than life itself," a crying Magda stated to her husband, her five adult children also paying homage to the fallen Aryan.

"As did I, and as did all of the Fatherland," Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels answered, flicking tears from his right cheek, recalling the intense man in black who had appeared in his office over thirty years earlier.

Gauleiter Randall Matthews, American savior of the white race from the future was interred at the Reichstag crypt beside his beloved Fuehrer Adolf Hitler on the cloudy day of April 21, 1967, at the memorial for the Heroes of the Fatherland in Berlin, capital of the United World Axis, while a German Army band played "Deutschland Uber Alles" in the background.

THOMAS PAINE

Sieg Heil – Hail Victory – 14/88!

THE END